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THE ADOPTION
of
MEW-SEU-QUA
TECUMSEH'S FATHER
and
THE PHILOSOPHY
of the
Delaware Indians
With
UNPOLISHED GEMS

By
RICHARD C. ADAMS

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NOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

The Delaware Tribe of Indians was the head of the Algonquin confederation of which 37 tribes recognized them as Grandfather. The head Chief of the Delaware Indians was called Great Sachem. There was a chief of each clan, the Turtle Clan, the Wolf Clan, the Turkey Clan and a war chief of each Clan. The Delaware Indians also recognized in ancient times a Council of Mothers, and it was the women or the Council of Mothers that would plead for peace when peace was made. The same custom was recognized by all the Algonquin Confederation. Sometimes in minor wars or tribal disputes, individual tribes or bands of the confederation would go to war on their own initiative; but in case of great grievances, runners were always sent to the Grand Council of the Delawares, and the Great Sachem of the Delaware tribe had a right to call to the assistance of those allied into the Confederation, all members of the Confederation.

Many of the traditions as handed down by oration correspond with that of the other tribes of the Federation. Among other things, no member of one tribe could marry into the one clan of his Father or Mother, and for that reason ofttimes a young man called a Hunter would wander to a distant country, sometimes among the Confederation of the Algonquins, and sometimes even to the enemy's camp to get a wife.

In the particular case in which this story follows, Tecumseh's father went from Kentucky to the Western part of Pennsylvania to the Delaware Country to seek a

wife, and the narratives that are here recited, are as near as can be translated from the Delaware language to the English.

As to the sayings, traditions and philosophy used in the narratives to follow, the Author believes there is no excuse or apology to offer, inasmuch as every nation that is known in history from the savage to those who call themselves civilized, revere and memorize the traditions and religion of their ancestors. Even nations who call themselves Christian Nations, on parades, whether for military purposes in going to war or for show or carnival events, bring out and exhibit the dress, customs and environments of their ancestors of centuries ago. And as to the origin of religion, the author does not believe that any man has a right to say as to from whom it sprung, or what is the best religion or the best philosophy any more than any man has the right to say what is the best food for those to eat in different climates and in different locations, in accordance with their training and environments. A new born babe will turn to the breast of its mother from the inclination of nature to supply its needs and strength for its body, and in the same manner each person will turn to the call of nature in the way that nature has taught his ancestors, and his teachings are in accordance with the way of his inheritance. Nature is God, Deity and all that all mankind may worship and the way which reverence is paid to that Deity, no matter whether it is called God, Jehovah or the Great Spirit or by any other name, it is a guidance and an anchor to elevate and to guide the believer of that faith.

Then question not too much, the sincerity of those who have had their training according to the way nature has bestowed upon them. Nature is older than Christianity as Christianity is known; and Christianity possibly is as old as Nature as Nature is known. And charity is the principal thought of Christianity as well as that of Nature, and charity among the savage was their religious creed. Then Charity and Elevation being the aim and purpose of all, why should we scoff at the creed of one or the other if the road led to the same object and the center of all was Nature, Deity, or God?

This much the author wishes to say in defense of what may be called the Creed of Pagans as is shown by the philosophy of the Delaware Indians, but whether it be the Creed of Pagans or whether it be the Charity of Christianity when it is all solved, is for others to determine and not for the author.

The traditions that the author has heard from the old people of his tribe appeal to him so much that he thought it worth the while to record same from the records as best they could be translated, and in the way they were understood.

There may be a few criticisms heard that some of these traditions and ceremonies and saying may not be used in comparison with things now called civilized history and Christian faith; but when we review the actions and treatment that Christian nations impose upon their fellowman, and when we review the mode of civilizing those persons they call savages, it is hard to believe that they have any better ideas of justice and right than do Pagans or savage Indians.



CHANDLEE

Time: About 1765.

THE ADOPTION OF TECUMSEH'S FATHER.

Tecumseh's Father was a Shawnee Indian, who, under the Algonquin custom, had to seek a wife not of his father's or mother's clan, but of another tribe or clan, hence his wandering to a distant country.

A YOUNG HUNTER WITH A LITTLE PAINT ON HIS FACE HIS BOW AND QUIVER, AND TOMAHAWK, WITH ONE EAGLE FEATHER, MEETS A STRANGER OF ANOTHER TRIBE IN A FOREST.

Young Hunter with one feather, who has gone through schooling of the braves, has had training of woodcrafting, canoeing, instructed in hunting and taught what his actions should be in case of War, or in case he was confronted with danger. When a young hunter has won the distinction of a brave, he has the right to wear two or more eagle feathers in his hair.

Young Hunter meets a stranger. He salutes him with his right hand extended and his palm forward, which is a sign of peace or truce, but may be only temporary, until each has an equal advantage of the other and understands the purpose of each.

Young Hunter soon discovers the stranger is from a distant tribe, who is trespassing in his country. Whether for the purpose of seeking game, whether as a spy for the purpose of a War party invading them later, or for whatsoever purpose he must explain.

Young Hunter addresses the Stranger thus:

Stranger, you are near the Camp of my people, a War whoop from me will bring numbers to this place; tell me why you are here and what is the purpose.

STRANGER: I came on a peaceful errand. I was following the game through the forest; much interested in this strange country, I have wandered to this spot, where I met you who saluted me with a friendly greeting. I come not as a spy—I come not to commit depredation upon your people. I will be pleased to see them and know them, or I will return, whichever you may wish.

HUNTER: Should I take you to my people and it is discovered that you have not told me truthfully the purpose of your mission here, you would become a prisoner of War. While I believe what you tell me, the wiser men of our tribe may find a way to disprove your statements. Would you go with me or would you return?

STRANGER: I am much impressed with this country. I have seen none of your tribe except you. I am much impressed, however, with your frankness to me. I have heard much of your people. I should like to see them. I should like to be received by them as a friend and not a foe.

HUNTER: Our country is rich in game; has many streams full of fishes, vast mountains, forests and plains abounding with game and our people are benevolent, brave, and daring and have adopted many wanderers from other tribes, when they see in them qualities

worthy of such adoption. While I have only met you, I believe you contain some of these qualities. Do you think you would like to become one of us? Would you like to go through the tests? Would you like to ask our head men for adoption?

STRANGER: I have heard of your people, of their traits and achievements—their fame has crossed the mountains and plains in the distant surroundings. If I become a member of your tribe, I would be willing to swear allegiance to them and devote my entire time and life to their interests.

Whereupon the Young Hunter takes the stranger to the Medicine Man's lodge, there to be questioned and to be instructed.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

The Medicine Man addresses the Stranger, thus:—

MEDICINE MAN: From whatever tribe you come and from whatever part of the country you hail, or whether you are enemy or friend of us, you have found a friend in the Young Hunter who has brought you here. He seems to think you have qualities worthy of adoption in our tribe.

Tell me first: Are you used to the trails of the woods and mountains? Are you used to the ways of the rivers and streams? Have you roamed the prairies alone and found your means of living by your own hand, without help or assistance from other persons?

STRANGER: Yes, I have travelled the paths of the woods. I have roamed the mountains and prairies. I have killed game for my own subsistence and dug herbs from the soil, gathered berries and fruits from the trees, caught fish in the streams, but I have not yet been on a War trail. I am not yet a brave.

MEDICINE MAN: In your experience, when you heard the lonesome hoot of the owl, the cry of the panther or the growl of the bear, did your blood turn cold or have you confronted them without fear?

STRANGER: I must admit that at times my heart has quaked, at times I have felt that I would rather be back in camp with my people; but I have learned from rambling through the woods, mountains and plains, that many of the dangers that appeared to be real, were only imaginary.

MEDICINE MAN: My friend, for a friend I must call you, since you are brought to me by one I love, your answer pleases me. Now I will give to you the medicine that will help to make your heart strong and make you brave. Many trials you will have in the future and much must you endure before you will be a full-fledged brave. I take you now to the War Chiefs and Braves, who will further instruct you.

WAR CHIEF: Stranger, we care not from which tribe you hail, we care not from where you come, you are recommended by one who has tested your heart and your spirit; one who vouches for you as being worthy to join our Tribe; but first, we must know if you are

worthy of being a warrior, if you will shrink from danger, if danger is itself. When everything may look dark to you, when chances of escape seem impossible—when you should choose between captivity, the burning at the stake, or the selling of your life for your people, what would you do?

STRANGER: I have never experienced these things. I cannot say just what I would do, but my people have proved their worth and I believe the courage of their blood is still in my veins.

FIRST BRAVE: We will paint you now with the War paint of our tribe. First, we put all over your face to hide your emotion, your fear and your sympathies, a paint of red, that through this no man can see, whether you have fear of the enemy, or have sympathy for your brother you meet in battle, or emotion that might arise for the friends you left behind. On this, we will paint some streaks of black. This means when you go out to face the world—the red is life and light and knowledge; the black that we put thereon means that you are with our cause until death does call you away. For this, are you ready to stand?

STRANGER: The Brother, for Brother I may call him, who brought me to your lodge, has shown to me that he is a friend and that he has a character worthy for me to follow; and the things of which you speak, show to me that there is more to live for than selfish motives, and more to die for than a coward's grave. I will accept the paint.

SECOND BRAVE: Now, that you have accepted the challenge of the nations, now by what I see, you claim to be worthy to be a Warrior and a brave. Worthy to be one, that is called the Lenni Lenape (man of men). Do you know what it means? Do you know what you claim? The Manitou respects the man with a strong heart and hates a coward. The Manitou loves the man who speaks the truth, but hates a liar. Are you ready to prove by the test that you are really a Brave? And if opportunity confronted you, would you show that you were worthy of the name?

STRANGER: I have come from a distant country. My people, too, have traits of honesty and bravery. My people, too, worship the Great Spirit and the Manitou that controls our life while we are here. I will sacrifice in the name of honor and in the cause of justice for the people I join all I have. I will accept the test that you put me to, to prove that I have this blood.

THIRD BRAVE: (Now before the Great Sachem.) Here is a stranger who declares his willingness to become one of us; who has taken the pledge of fidelity to our tribe, who has allowed his face to be painted with both red and black, who has said that he will suffer any ordeal to prove his worth. *Now speaking in a different language,* I happen to know that he is not one of our people (consideration.) I happen to know that he comes from the enemy's camp. I demand as a Warrior and one who has proven his worth to his tribe, that this man first proves to us before he becomes one of our people that he has courage and is brave, that he has honor, and will shirk no danger. What shall the test be?

GREAT SACHEM: Stranger, with sympathy and compassion, I speak to you, it is not too late for you to return to your home. It is not too late for you to retract the pledges you have made. It is not too late for you to evade the ordeals that may be imposed upon you, but should you wish to become one of our tribe and be recognized as one of our blood and kin, you must answer me these several questions. **FIRST**: Do you believe that the Great Spirit controls all the sources of the Sun, Moon, Stars and inhabitants thereof?

STRANGER: I have been taught this from infancy. I must say I do.

GREAT SACHEM: Do you believe that no honors are given us, except what are won, and if those honors are lost, that the trial must be made again?

STRANGER: I have also been taught this. I believe it well.

GREAT SACHEM: Do you believe that the trials, troubles and ordeals that you may go through are for your good and not for your harm, that the better parts may be brought out and the evil within you shall be cast aside by the spirit that is in you and the courage you have?

STRANGER: This has been my teaching. I do.

GREAT SACHEM: Do you believe then an oath of fidelity to another tribe is recorded now before the Great Spirit and the Manitou that watches your life?

STRANGER: I do.

GREAT SACHEM: Stranger, listen to me now. Our people believe in the Great Spirit, who ordained and created the many many worlds and placed mankind here to learn the lessons of life. The Great Spirit has in his charge many many other worlds of higher or lower degree, that in each degree of knowledge the Manitou rules and in each life you shall live, a Manitou watches and records your actions. In him you must place your trust. Through the Manitou and of the Great Spirit must you ask your aid, and when you have gone through the twelve degrees to reach perfection, then you will dwell in the circle of those who speak with the Great Spirit, and to whom knowledge, time and space has no limit. You may waver, you may fail, but opportunity will be given you again and if you persist you will finally succeed. There is no one worthy who can possibly fail and those who are faint of heart will be given an opportunity to try again. If you pass the ordeals that life has upon you fixed, you will succeed in dwelling in that circle, where time, space and knowledge is without limit, but in those ordeals we cannot assist you—that must come from your own efforts and from your own courage; but to prove that you are worthy of being one of us, we will give you ordeals from which you may shudder.

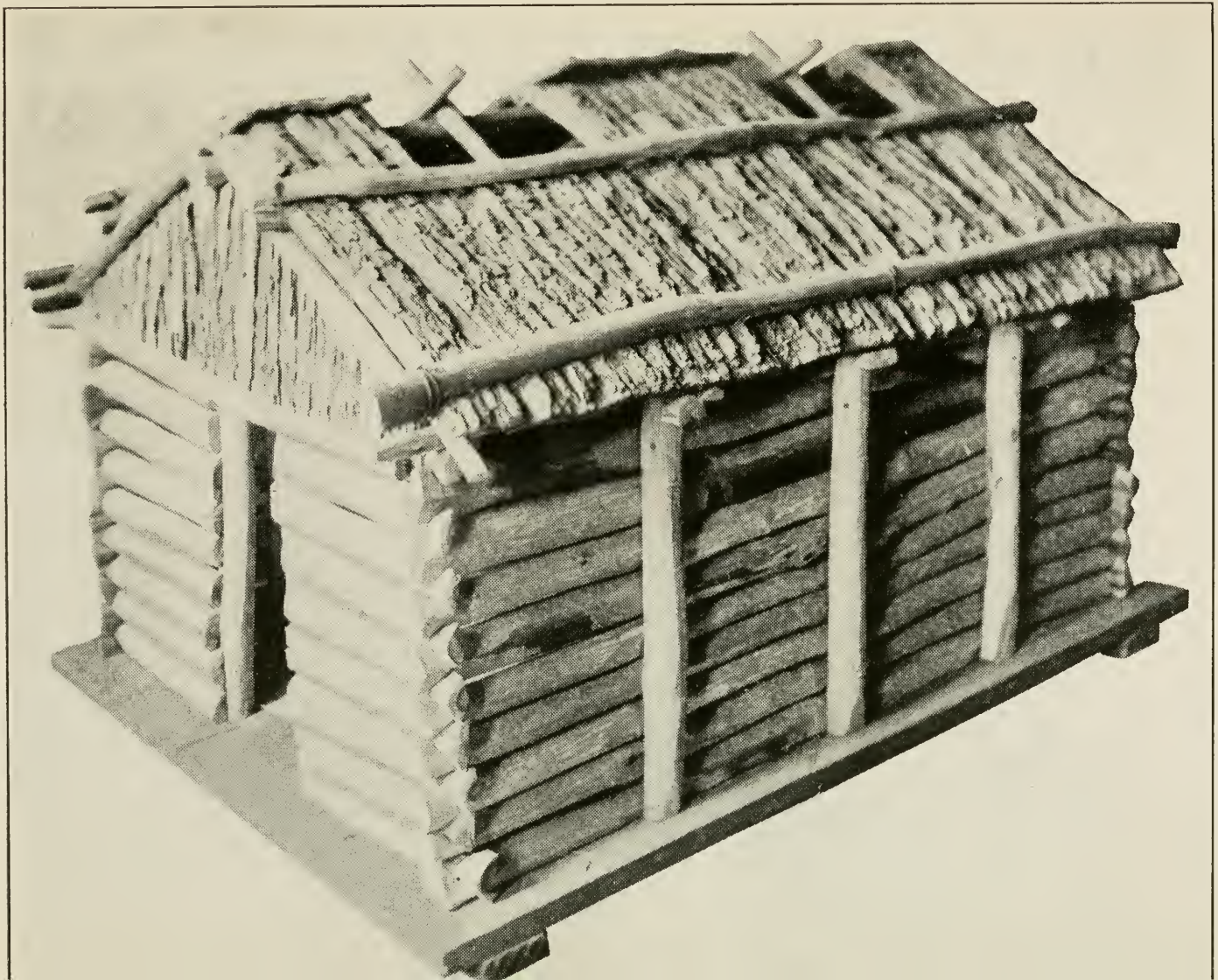
The Council drum is beaten and the Councilors and Warriors are called to the Council Lodge. When all are inside the council fire is lighted and the pipe is passed around. The stranger is ushered in.

GREAT SACHEM: Chiefs, Warriors and Councilors. There has been brought to us a stranger from another

tribe, by the young hunter who stands beside him, vouching for him as being worthy to become one of us. He himself, has expressed his willingness to join our people. He has even consented to have his face painted, indicating that he is ready to forever conceal his idenity to others and pledge his fidelity and devotion to us until death. How are we to know this? What tests are we to put him to, that he may prove to us that he is not a spy, that he is not an enemy, that he means to be one of us and that we can afford to accept him as such?

FIRST ORATOR AND WAR CHIEF: Had this stranger been brought here a prisoner of war captured in battle and chose between the stake and adoption, I would suggest first that he run the gauntlet of the severest test of a warrior, by which he would show his bravery and the strength of his heart. I might then suggest even a more severe test than now I would think of imposing upon him, but coming as he does, following the chase and on a peaceful mission, enchanted by the surroundings and the things he has heard of the history of our people, I propose that he be given a Tepee, the assistance of two young warriors and three days within which to provide meat for a feast. We will then assemble to share his hospitality, to judge his skill as a hunter, and after to hear his own plea and his own pledge of devotion, while we are seated around the council fire, smoking the pipe of peace.

SECOND ORATOR: The Old War Chief who has just spoken seems to have a tender heart. I would first see if this man is worthy of being a warrior; if he would defend our people in case of an attack—standing his



ground as long as he has the power of resistance, no matter what odds are hurled against him. This we cannot prove by the test that is named. He claims to have been schooled in woodcraft; he claims to have been taught the arts of war, and no doubt, has been told how a warrior should behave. But there is to the south a camp now hostile to us. Why not send him there to see if he can return with the trophies of war?

THIRD ORATOR: I have listened to the tests, both orators have suggested. The stranger may be a spy from this hostile camp. Why send him there, when he may not return, except with reinforcements to do us harm? Let us first try the easier test, determine his skill as a hunter and hear his pledge of devotion to us.

GREAT SACHEM: I ask the council now to determine which the test shall be. Shall it be the first that was proposed or the second? (They vote and the first carries.)

GREAT SACHEM: The stranger will retire while we, in council, will determine what shall be done.

GREAT SACHEM: *To the warriors and Council.* The stranger who has been introduced to us, expressed his willingness to become a member of our tribe. To what test shall we put him to, unknown to him, to prove his worth?

SECOND ORATOR: As I said before the stranger left, to the South, there is a hostile camp—he has heard my words and well knows that he is suspected as a spy. Let the young men who go with him take him up the river in canoes—let them camp and let him show his

skill as a huntsman; but upon the second night, let some of our people surprise the camp—let the young men who are with him disarm him, and let him be bound and become a prisoner of war of a supposed hostile tribe. Let's see what he will do when he and our young men are captured in this style. I suggest that this be the first test.

GREAT SACHEM: You have heard the Orator, what is your decision?

THE MEDICINE MAN: I have heard the Orator's decree. I have no objection to the test. It may prove his worth and may be the undoing of the stranger, but is a test worth the while to know of what spirit the people who wish to join our tribe are made. However, if this test is imposed upon him, I suggest that it be done in a manner and in a way that will not bring harm to the stranger, for I have talked with him and believe him to be one worthy of consideration, and however severe the test may be, let no harm come to him in the end. If this is the decree, I will agree to it.

GREAT SACHEM: I ask the vote of the Council—Shall this be the first test?

The extended hands are counted and the Great Sachem announces this is the first test.

The next morning the three young hunters, with the stranger, start in canoes up the river to secure the game for the feast that is to be prepared. They get both game and fish but on the second night of their encampment,

they are surprised by overwhelming numbers of warriors who seem to be enemies of the Lenni Lenape. The stranger is bound hand and foot. He does not know what becomes of his three comrades—they are carried away from him. He has no one to call on for assistance or help. He is now in the enemies hands. The enemies find him painted in the paint of the "Delaware" or "Lenni Lenape"—will hear no other excuse than that he is an enemy—are ready to put him to death, to burn him at the stake or make him swear allegiance to their tribe; if he wishes to save his life. All these things are made plain to him and preparations are being made. The stranger expresses his willingness to go through the ordeal, but declines to swear his allegiance to the hostile tribe. All preparations are made to bring about his execution, when, at the opportune moment, the people to whom he has sworn allegiance, come to his rescue.

Then he has passed the first degree—then he is worthy to be called a member of the tribe, and at the feast, which he provided (by the game and fish which they have succeeded in getting) his good qualities, are then announced, but his troubles are not over.

THE FEAST: *The young warrior now having been rescued, his three comrades restored to him. They return by canoe to the camp with the deer, wild turkey, fish and other game and a barbecue of the game and fish is prepared. The women of the tribe prepare the hominy, bread and herbs to complete the feast, but the stranger is required to superintend the cooking of the meats and the preparing of it in his own way, having*

been furnished all the assistance necessary that he may require, but he must show that he knows how to prepare a feast, how to make a fire with firesticks and how to prepare the feast that will best please those who participate in it and before the feast is opened he is to make a brief address to the Great Sachem.

STRANGER: Great Sachem and Brothers, if I may call you such, I have pledged my allegiance to you—I have attempted to exhibit my skill as a hunter, I have tried to prove my devotion by a severe test, I now bid you welcome to the feast that I have caused to be prepared in the best way that I know how to prepare a feast. Partake of it and give me greetings and instructions as your wise men and councellors may think best.

The feast being distributed by the parties appointed to the honor, the stranger sitting to the right or north, the Great Sachem to the east of the circle and the warriors and orators in their respective places. The Orator who is the leader of the religious ceremonies opens the address. He may be called the Great Chaplain or High Priest of the Tribe.

ORATOR: *With the right hand extended all arise.* Thankful we are for the feast we are about to receive, provided to us by the stranger who joins our tribe. Thankful we are for the friends around us, for the joyful expressions they have on their faces, thankful we are for the rescue of our friend who proves his worth when put to the first test and we are thankful that our friend is here to see the pleasure that we enjoy, that in his own heart he feels it most and the impressions he receives will last forever.

GREAT SACHEM: The feast will be served. *The feast is distributed to the parties in the circle and what is left over is distributed among the camp. When the feast is over the pipe is passed, and orations begin, as follows:*

GREAT SACHEM: Will the orator instruct the stranger who now is our friend? In what are the duties of one who joins our tribe? In what are the teachings of our orators from the Manitou and the Great Spirit from the time immemorial? Let the three young hunters who accompanied the stranger, now our friend, repeat those teachings after the orator, so that they may further instruct him in his years of wandering, until he thoroughly understands, until he fully knows what duties are required of him to be considered worthy of the name that we shall give him, "Lenni Lenape," man of men.

ORATOR: Stranger, our fathers have taught us as their grandfathers taught, that honors were earned and could not be bought, that trials and ordeals that we go through, are only the polishing and making of our spirits; that ordeals of life and the suffering of death, if done in honor and bravery and truth, is that much achieved and that much accomplished, to balance the lives that come after this life is past. That ere you will reach that sphere of perfection, where spirits now perfect have travelled before you, who will have been guided through lives with ordeals most trying, by devotion to the Manitou and instructions of the spirits who have travelled the same trail and reviewed them for the purpose of helping weaker and kindred spirits. When

you reach that last sphere, where time and space has no limit, when now and then to you is the same, when knowledge is perfect and ordeals are passed; it will be then for you to return to your people, to assist the weakling on this journey and when you have furnished the numbers sufficient to prove you are entitled to honors you are seeking, then your achievements will be counted on record and your honors be measured by them accordingly, but ere you start on this long voyage, remember this—life is, also most trying, and if you have not lived it becomingly and properly, if you have not proved yourself quite worthy, these trials, these troubles you may have to repeat, before you will go to the grade that is beyond us. You must prove yourself truthful, you must prove well your courage, you must honor the old and assist the weakling, you must defend with all vigor the rights of your people and assist the helpless or the unfortunate foe, if you find him distressed you must help him at once and you must not seek vengeance on those that are down, but when he is well and able to meet you, meet him as a Warrior and prove to him your worth. I leave you now to yourself and things that surround you, with your courage, your conscience, your art and your skill. Be alert, be active, be cautious, be brave, be truthful, be honest and you will succeed. If you trust and you listen to what Way-mah-tah-kun-eese says, for he is our War God, who will make you alert—who will help fight your battles when others may shirk.

But remember the proverbs our Grandfathers said;
which will be immortal when our children are dead:—

"For the grandeur of a mountain, the beauty of a flower,
The description of a battle, the pleasure of an hour,
To one appears so different from what the others see,
That I question much ones' right to ask if variance there be.

The scope of understanding things heard, felt and seen
And the art of then explaining just what all does mean,
Is not made universal from every point of view,
They may have seen the very side that's opposite from you,

And still have seen the object and know as well as you
And give their views and utterances as truly as you do.
So bear these sayings well in mind throughout life day by day,

Consider well before you doubt what a brother chanced to say,
The one who trusts less other men that stand on a different plane,
In pleading honesty of his cause may often plead in vain."

When a man is doomed at the stakes to die,
If his heart is brave and his conscience clear
His spirit, with courage, meets God on high,
No matter what happens to his body here,
For our bodies we must cast aside
And enrobe in others at another time,
By the laws of nature we must abide,
But our only treasure is our own mind.

WAR CHIEF: Great Sachem, Warriors, and Brothers, we have heard with much interest all the speeches just made. I was the one present who rescued this stranger and in our camp now we have those who captured him. Why was he not alert, why was he disarmed? He proved himself worthy to be called a great hunter. He prepared us a feast that was fully relished. He has proven his devotion by offering to suffer fire at the stake for the people to whom he is pledged, but would he be worthy to be called a warrior? He must prove his ability—he must prove his skill. He has heard his instructions and it is true he is young, but can we advance him before he has earned the title of warrior, the title of honor who would defend the helpless of the people he loves? He loves the mountains, the woods and the streams, he is skilled in the arts of exploring the same, but should he not be sent to some test where the blood of a warrior must show his true worth?

FIRST WARRIOR: The words I have heard I fully endorse and a runner has come who reports to the North is assembled some warriors who have left tokens of their trails showing they are headed to invade our country. A party must be mustered to meet them soon. Will the stranger go with us, will he put on the war paint and challenge the band? That band perhaps has come from his country, perhaps to rescue him or to avenge his death? Perhaps they have missed him and traced him this way. I propose he go with the warriors tonight and we will determine his valor in war.

GREAT SACHEM: Warriors, Orators, Brothers, and all—you have heard the challenge, what is your decision? *They vote and decide the stranger must go.*

GREAT SACHEM: Stranger and Friend, I appoint two warriors to instruct you now. Listen to them, follow well their teachings, remember what they say for much of your future life may depend upon how well you conduct yourself on these most trying ordeals.

WAR CHIEF: My friend, for friend I will call you now, when on a war party you shall go, you first must paint your face with red and on it symbolic emblems of black—the black to show that you are on the war path and mean to defend your cause until death. You can choose your lesser symbol either great or small, the enemy will see that these symbols are challenges to your foe. If other colors you choose to select, they may be made to signify the position you claim to hold.

Your equipment must be light and arranged so that it may be easily discarded. Your rations shall be simple —parched corn with a little maple sugar or a little salt and until after battle and then only if you escape a wound, may you eat meat. An enemy that is felled by you in battle, his scalp you may take, but take none that you find disabled or dead. Be alert, obey the order to charge or retreat, to maneuver to the right or to the left, but never depend upon frightening the enemy, for they may be brave, it is not the purpose of a war party to sacrifice the lives of the Braves, but no one may call himself a warrior if he retreats before orders are given to retreat. Conceal yourself as much as possible until time to act. Protect yourself as much as possible by every natural advantage that surrounds your position, but when you charge, charge to execute and not to frighten the enemy away. Remember, they may be as

brave as you and remember that you may meet your brother on the other side. Show no fear where chances are equal, show no compassion unless the enemy is at a great disadvantage; then seize him and tie him with prisoners' strings and do not harm him. Remember well what I have told you. You shall be put to the test.

FIRST WARRIOR: Your two comrades on the hunt and an old warrior will be by your side. Should the old warrior be killed, the one of the three that first has proven himself a hero may command the actions of the others. Should the old warrior be wounded, it shall be the duty of you or your comrade to immediately carry him to safety and then return to your place. No dead or wounded comrade should ever be left on the field of battle if a comrade is there to bear him away; but once the wounded or dead is brought to a safe distance, it will be your duty to return to the front to listen well for the war cries, the shouts of advance or of retreat, or the shouts of maneuvers to the right or left. When a surprise on the enemy has been planned, then move with great caution, until you hear the war whoop charge. Then hesitate for nothing—each man doing his part, that the battle may be over as quickly as possible, but never give the enemy a chance to regain his advantage. Strike then and there or seize him at once. You have your instructions, tonight we go.

Time: About 1766.

SECOND TEST.

The War Party starts late at night well equipped with provisions and arms travelling until daylight when they strike the trail where signs show that a hostile band has really been through that part of the country. Then they begin to move with caution and care—some of the older scouts are sent out ahead of the War Party to see if the position of the enemy can be ascertained.

After a slow and tedious march, until about noon, the party is directed to go in groups of twos and threes to a little grove not far distant and rest for a few hours until word from the scouts is received. No fire is made (for smoke could be detected by the enemy by sight or smell for miles away) no food is cooked—they simply eat the parched corn and water and lie down to rest, but one or two keep watch while the rest of them sleep.

After they have rested for a few hours, the scouts come in and report that they have located the camp of the enemy which they say is only a few hours' journey from where they are.

Immediately the War Chiefs call the warriors around them; each one sees that his bow-strings are strong, that his arrows are straight and the feathers are on well, that he has his tomahawk and shield in perfect order. Each warrior is examined to see if he has had any mishap so far on the march. Each one is instructed as to

what number of warwhoops should be given for "advance," "retreat," "maneuvers to right or to left." Each one is instructed as to what warwhoop shall indicate the taking of the scalp of a foe or the loss of a friend.

After this hasty council and examination, the march begins toward the enemy's camp. The scouts direct the course of the march. When they come near the place where the camp is seen, the scouts go forward, then come back and report that the enemy have broken camp and gone. They seem to have gone in separate trails, for they cannot be traced as a body of warriors; so they, too, must divide and follow separate trails. The young warrior with his three companions are started on the trail which apparently was made by only three or four men; the trails were all leading not toward the enemies' country, but toward their own domains—this would indicate that it was more of a foraging party than a war party; a party who expected to commit depredations, steal or rob, more than to inflict a revenge or punishment as an act of war. All this was explained to the stranger so that he could follow and understand the seriousness of the situation.

The little party with the stranger had not proceeded very far until a war-cry was heard—one to the right and another to the left. They must have simultaneously met the enemy.

The fight was fierce, but short. The old warrior was the first one wounded; the stranger sprang to his rescue and killed the man who wounded him. In an instant he

had his scalp in his belt and gave the war-whoop that a warrior may. A second and a third fell under his tomahawk blows and war-whoop after war-whoop echoed through the woods. Two were captured and bound with prisoner's cords, but one of the warriors who escorted him was killed. The battle was ended. A war-whoop to collect was given and they came together in a short while with their prisoners-of-war and scalps in their belts. Without rest and without sleep they were now to return, but first they built a fire, erected a pole, placed the scalps upon it and with the prisoners bound, they danced around this fire and there the degree of "Warrior" was given to the stranger and three eagle feathers were braided in his hair. Then the party returns.

FINAL.

The War party comes to the Delaware Village; the drums are beat, the Council assembles and a feast is prepared. The Great Sachem meets the warriors as they come in; the prisoners are given food and the Great Sachem addresses his Warriors and War Chiefs thus:

"War Chiefs and Warriors; faithful you have been, your devotion, your courage, the strength you have shown in defense of your people, in defense of your name, in defense of our women and children. I greet you, I praise you; but my greetings and praise can be nothing to you compared with the feeling of reward your conscience brings. To Way-mah-tah-kun-eese, the God of War, must you now twelve times in reverence bow; to Way-mah-tah-kun-eese do you owe your rescue and success.



For the stranger who is with you, who now is a Warrior, I ask that each extend to him a welcoming hand; that each greet him as one of us and honor him as a brother and kin. No more tests shall he be put to, to prove his worth or to prove his blood; only what life may have for him as he goes down the journey that all must take and when his duties here are done, may the Manitou greet him as I greet him now and when his other trials are over may he walk stately and erect, to receive the blessings of the Great Spirit himself. But may he remember and ever keep in mind that wherever he is, his duties are not over but that his record while it proves his courage, while it proves his blood, is only a part of more trying ordeals. He must be just as faithful, he must be just as true, in other duties that before him will come. The reverence of the old, the helping of the weak, the kindness to a friend and the love of his family, are tests as severe and trying as these. Keep this ever in mind, be faithful and brave and honor will follow you as long as you live.

Time: About 1766.

THIRD TEST.

THE WOMAN'S DANCE.

But into the council house there comes,
Six women in state attire;
Three are aged and three are young
And the attention of the Sachem do they require.

The first addresses the Sachem thus—saluting with right hand extended.

I am a Mother and Grandmother, too;
I am sent from the Council of Mothers to say
That the stranger must prove his heart is true,
And that proof our council is demanding today.
He has shown his skill as a huntsman, we know;
He has shown his skill as a warrior true;
He has passed the ordeal you have chosen to give,
But now he must answer our questions, too.
We demand the stranger to prove the test,
That we, in our ways, may put him through;
To prove his blood is really the best,
Our daughters may mingle their blood with, too.
For, if he becomes one of our tribe,
The right of one's heart he later may claim;
And because of the honors he now has acquired,
The love of some maiden he surely will gain.
But, before he has time his wiles to apply,
Our duties demand he pass the ordeal,
That the test of his conscience we truly may try
That his own heart's vibrations he truly may feel.

The **GREAT SACHEM**: *With right hand extended.*

Oh, you of the Mothers and Grandmothers, too,
We honor your place, we honor your claim,
This warrior we now deliver to you
Trusting his worth you will find the same,
So has said the Council of chase and of war,
That he will retain the same good name
That's proved by his conduct thus so far.

They depart with the stranger and he is taken to the lodge of the Grandmother, back of which a fire has been built and the ground prepared for a dance.

The **GRANDMOTHER** addresses him thus:—
Stranger, we ask not from whence you hail,
We ask of you not your tribe or name,
We ask you truly to us to tell
Is another heart pining for you today?
For love first made and love first gained,
Is the only true love in life that flows,
And never again will they find the same
Congenial sympathy their heart-beat shows.
Is your devotion to a maiden pledged?
Your father's lodge you rightly may leave,
For your future is yours, your way your own.
But a maiden's heart you should not grieve
If cause of the grief to you is known.
No maiden's faith should be deceived
By promise or actions of your own.
For the burdens and trials of every tribe
Are seldom all by warriors borne,
For the life blood shed by a woman's heart



OFFICIAL GRANDMOTHER

And the trial of life on a woman's part,
Is the greatest suffering ever known.
When warriors have retreated to make their last stand
The women of the village will then protect the man,
They then with speedy vengeance do seize the double bow
And o'er their tribal warriors do poisoned arrows throw;
Those arrows dipped in venom, the rattlesnake does give
Does terrify the foeman, for none they touch can live;
For the mothers of the village, their babes do most defend!
And the mothers of the village, will do so to the end.

Then they dance around him, stopping suddenly—"Your answer."

The stranger bows low, with a slow tread he dances and confronts the Grandmother.

I am impressed by what you say,
I have caused no maiden at home to grieve,
And all my clans are barred from me;
My heart is whole, my heart is free.
My people taught our blood to preserve;
Should not be commingled with that of their kin.
Many of our maidens may respect me well;
And while I my life for them would give,
With them my life, I am forbid to live.

Then they dance.



The **GRANDMOTHER**:—

Then this much answered, this much said.
Have you thought well what means a pledge
Of full devotion to a whole life
Which may be love or may be strife:
In which attention plays the part
Of strengthening, or to break, a heart?

Then they dance.

THE STRANGER:—

The difference from passion and love is not known
Between men and women when they both become grown.
True, I've thought and wondered much,
If men do love like women do,
And then remember we've been taught,—
Both respond to the will of the Manitou.
For the Manitou made us both to love,
And marked the paths we both do go.
And I'm told, many times, that men do crave
Consoling, as much as women do.
But oft they find their wigwam cold,
When the heart is sad and spirit low;
And they know not then, which way to turn;
They know not then, which way to go.
The fate of nations and the fate of men,
On woman's devotion always depends.
While men may be brave in facing a foe,
With hearts disappointed, it never is so.
I've heard of wives who tire of love and care,
Of mothers who hate the child they bear,

Of warriors beaten and broken down,—
Because of disappointment they've found,
And while I'm forced to seek a wife, from out a distant clan,
I realize that love's not bought by wealth of any man.
And I would only want that one, whate'er her station be,
To whom I could be always true, as she is true to me.
But I am willing to take the chance,
If I find in my heart the true rebound,
That I see in a maiden's eye at glance,
And hear from her lips no discord sound.

Here they all dance and the Warriors join in the dance.

THE GRANDMOTHER:

The stranger speaks well and with caution guards,
The stranger may a warrior be;
The stranger may have learned in his lodge
The reason some hearts rebel to be free.
It is not wampum, it is not food;
It is not achievements that one has done;
But the kindly interest that one does take
That brings true happiness to everyone.
And you, yourself, will feel the most,
And you, yourself, the most will know,
The responsive touch of tender care
Wherever you are, wherever you go.
And now as the tribe all join in the dance,
We welcome the stranger, and trust he is true;
Since he decides on taking a chance
Of what time may bring, what time may do.

A man and woman are not bound, if love holds not the key,—
From the passion of the innerself to the depth of Eternity.
You must feel each heart beat just as true
As you'd have the other heart beat feel for you.
Then, children to you will be born of honor, wealth and fame,
And you always proud will be that they do bear your name.

Some need companions wild but true,
Some need companions most gentle too,
But that vibration should most respond
To reach the purpose that's beyond
And one step made which wavers them
May change the destiny of men.

STRANGER:—

I have no wampum or wealth with me
And all I have is what you see,
But I am a hunter and warrior too.
And I believe I'm a lover true,
If I can find the heart that yields
To some of the sympathies my heart feels.

Then all assemble to dance, the men on one side and the women on the other, dancing backward and forward, from time to time some woman selects a partner and dances out toward the end of the two lines, the stranger being the last one selected and is compelled to dance with one of the Grandmothers.

YOUNG HUNTER—the Stranger's Friend.
Grandmother, Sachem, Warrior and Friends,
I met the Stranger in the forest wild,
I thought that in him there was something good
And I've been convinced of it all the while.
Our warriors were loathe my judgment to take,
Our maidens cast on him not a smile.
Our warriors their judgment admit their mistake,
Our maidens may love him after a while.
Now, I as his friend and brother demand,
That the dances be repeated for choice of the game
For the maiden who would extend her hand
Or the maiden who dares to bear his name.

They dance again and several maidens greet him while he hesitates and accepts none, but goes back to the grandmother and dances with her.

MEDICINE MAN:—

Grandmother, Friends, and Warriors true,
This stranger now I am going to name,
And I will prophesy to you
His blood with ours be known to fame.
His name shall be "The Wanderer He"
"MEW-SEU-QUA."

His oldest son, as Tecumseh.
His oldest son shall a warrior be,
And he shall be a prophet, too,
And our posterity shall live to see
That my prophecy shall come true.

Then to the Stranger:

Remember well, what I say now,
That those most earnest in the cause
To protect the honor of the Tribe,
In ways best known to nature's laws
Are first forgotten—first unknown—
When profits' trophies all are won,
And may be of their honors shorn
For the valor of their darings done;
While others will their profit reap,
Who in the ambush were asleep;
For the cowards, thieves and those untrue,
Can never stand for the things you do,—
For they well know they would not dare
To risk the chance of fighting fair.

They dance.

THE GRANDMOTHER:—

And now he has seen the maidens all.
Some are large and some are small.
Some have coy and modest ways,
Some show boldness in their plays.
His mind perplexed, his heart the same,
For he neither knows their rank or name,
But he must now advance a chance
And choose some maiden for the dance,
If she responds with kindly aim,
Then he is told her rank and name.

WARRIORS DANCE:—

He gently greets a modest maid,
Whose eyes do gleam, but she seems afraid
To quickly respond to the Stranger's plea

Which made him more persistent be.
And as he comes to her again,
She steps forth and tells her name—"Qua-E-chea"
The Grandmother, her rank does name,
"A War Chief's Daughter; is this your aim?"

STRANGER:

After another Dance.

When I looked into the Maiden's eye,
My heart told me the reason why,
That love was there and I could see,
That love was intended then for me.

After another Dance.

MEDICINE MAN:

You must train yourself as you pass by,
To voice or glances of the eye,
To read the thoughts of human kind,
To truly understand the mind.
For word, or glance, or gesture true,
May have deep meanings, at times for you.
Most hearts, you'll find are kind and true,
If only fathomed out by you.
For there is goodness in every one,
No matter what bad things he's done.
The most unpretentious warrior
That ever I did see,
Was he that showed the skill
Of warrior's high degree.
And he was most devoted

To womankind or friend
And his word you could ever trust
From now unto the end.
Those who are cowards and traitors to you
May enter your home much mischief to do,
They may snarl at you and defame your name,
Discount your virtues and expose your shame;
But if the woman is virtuous and true,
Then nothing shall shake her faith in you.
THE SCOFFERS enter—
Then to the dance some warriors come,
Who of sentiment do make fun,
And say that love does last a moon,
But ofttimes that is most too soon,
For they have seen these things before,
And heard these stories o'er and o'er;
Seen warriors with devotion true
In the dance, lead maidens through,
At random would select a prize
Most pleasing to the view of eyes,
Not looking at the inner soul,
Or treasures that the heart may hold.

Then they all dance, and the warriors seem to enjoy themselves at the expense of the true lovers. But when the dance is over, and before another dance starts, Qua-e-chea steps forth.

QUA-E-CHEA:—

Responsive feelings do I find,
When Mew-seu-qua's near to me;

Although not all that's in my mind,
As to what a man should be.
But he may feel I lack a part,
To ever keep an honest heart;
So, I will try my part to do
To make each to the other true.

They dance.

MEW-SEU-QUA:—

And I, my part will always do
If others let me but be true;
But duties call men from their home,
And mischief visits those alone.
But, in my heart is charity,
For those who doubt sincerity.
So I will never, e'er, complain,
If fate does throw me down to shame;
But take the course the best I can,
And always try to be a man.

Time: About 1767.

After several moons, the Stranger, "Mew-seu-qua," and the War Chief's Daughter, "Qua-e-chea," were married in accordance with the Indian customs, and the dedication of the event took place near the "long" house, or capitol, of the Indian Village in which most of the Tribe did participate in a dance. A feast was prepared for the people who came, that their strength might be supplied for the endurance of the dance.

At the opening of the feast the Great Sachem arises and with right hand extended, all hosts arise. He addresses the audience thus:

Chieftains, Warriors, Mothers and all:
The young and the old who are here assembled
I wish to impress most earnestly now
The solemn event of this occasion.
Two people now, their lots have cast,
For the future, whatever the future be.
One from our tribe of traditions taught
And the other from over the mountains—he
Their traditions and teachings are not the same;
But their hearts' vibrations are of immortal kind.
The Manitou that rules the human heart,
Rules just the same in every clime,
But understandings of his cause to everyone is not the same,
The way we worship, the way we pray,
The way we show our reverence true,
To the Great Spirit and Manitou
May be much different from the way they do.

But reverence to Deity and craving for aid
Is natural as hunger where mortals are made.
As an infant seeks food as soon as its born
And turns to the breast of its mother for aid,
So that spirit will seek consolation as well,
From the source of the place, where the Great Spirit dwells.
The food of all nations is never the same;
For the climate, the place, would make it in vain.
So, refreshment to spirit, avarice must be—
In accordance with what their nature may be.
So doubt not sincerity of anyone's faith;
If he has not heard the teaching you have.
Sincerity of his cause is all proof he needs
There are many, many ways the point to succeed
Some are more tedious, some are more slow,
And others have a smoother trail to go;
But all, may to the same object proceed,
And each have convictions as true, indeed
As you, so with much tolerance bear
The convictions of others as to Deity fair.
If a spark of love is in one's heart,
No matter how wicked they've been,
That spark will rebound to the source of love,
That eliminates all sin.
And that spark of love will cast a ray,
Unseen by me and you,
Which sends our prayer with instant flight,
Unto the Manitou.
And now to the stranger I will speak,
For I have often heard it said,
The living friends that you now seek

Have many friends that we call dead—
Their spirits live, they have gone beyond
They see and know and understand
While they in other worlds or stars
Following pursuits to them assigned
Enrobed in other bodies like unto ours
And the vibrations of our thought
To those worlds or stars extend
With quick exchange to other forms
Who here were foe or here were friend.
Now, if this man, has one deceived,
Whose friends have gone beyond
And he some one has wilfully wronged.
Then retribution sure will come,
Unless he surely has a host
To prove that wrong undone.
For every cause, an object has
And every object has a cause.
Some are great and some are small,
But all must follow nature's law.

MEDICINE MAN:—

Thankful we are this feast is prepared
Thankful we are for the words we have heard,
Thankful we are for the union that's made
To add to our tribe and to make us strong.
And hopeful we are, that this will bring
To both the parties of whom we greet
The greatest happiness this life does give
Whose true devotions always keep.
With this, we now partake the feast
And welcome each and every guest

CHANDLEE

Who, with me, offer most sincere
To the Great Spirit, this request.

Then they feast.

After a while during the feast.

The Young Hunter, **MEW-SEU-QUA'S** friend, arises and says:

Mew-seu-qua, we your friends, in chase
And we your comrades true in war
A wigwam built for you in haste
That you may journey not too far;
That you may in our village dwell,
Where friends and comrades wish you well,
And there you'll find both food and wood
And camp equipments new and good,
And by these offerings now we do,
Our true devotion, express to you.

MEW-SEU-QUA:—

My Brother friends and warriors true,
How can I speak my heart to you
You've taught me much in chase and war
And into mysteries led me far;
But proof of friendship you have shown
In ways to me before unknown.

Then the Warriors escort Mew-seu-qua, and the Maidens escort Qua-e-chea to the wigwams, where, with greetings, they are dismissed.

But just before the guests depart
Qua-e-chea dressed in grand attire,
Approaches them with hand on heart
And in her eyes are beams of fire.

CHANDLEE

Says she: "The honor you have shown
Are they due to friendship all alone?
Or have you now, some motive hid
For which some other time you'll bid.
My Chieftain is a warrior, too,
And we both have the nerve and will
Our own future to fathom through;
And if I'm not devoted throughout life
He's free to choose another wife.
I would rather take with him my chance
In the prairies wild or the forests dense
If any person here perchance
Has not the most sincere intents.
And now before we take your grace
That shows your loving, kind desire,
I demand that you prepare a place
For all to dance around the fire;
For fire the flame of love doth show
And cheerfulness 'round it may glow
So those most earnest and sincere
Their friendship show by dancing here."

They dance.

The **GRANDMOTHER** comes forward:—

Since Nature made of all two kinds
With purpose still of liken minds,
The plants, the flowers, the birds, the all
To answer still to nature's call;
And the love that nature placed in them
Is just as prominent in man;
And joyful thanks should all proclaim
To the Manitou in Nature's name;

CHANDLEE

And thus we now assemble here
To make this memory always dear
To those who on this voyage start,
Till death that voyage do them part.

They dance.

MEW-SEU-QUA'S FRIEND:—

With reverence now, we will retire
For low is burning now the fire,
Mew-seu-qua, we leave you all alone
This place is yours—the way your own.
But if on friends you chance to call
You'll find response from one and all.

GRANDMOTHER:

Qua-e-chea, may it ever be,
That you'll confide yourself in me
And all these maidens here around
Their sympathy can quick be found.

They all retire.

C MANDLEE

Time: About 1768.

After about a year, a runner is sent by the Grandmother to the Medicine Man, and by him to the Chief of the Tribe to announce that a son has been born to Mew-seu-qua and Qua-e-chea. The Medicine Man asks the Chiefs to come with him as he is to name the boy, and they are to bear witness. They assemble at the lodge of Mew-seu-qua when the child is about two weeks old; thanks are offered for the addition to the tribe, the blessings of the Great Spirit asked, and the Medicine Man names the first born **TECUMSEH**.

From the age of Seven on, Tecumseh is given to the training of the warriors and the teachings of the Medicine Man. At about the age of 22, the Shawnee Indians claim him as successor of his Uncle, as Chief of the Shawnee tribe. The delegation of Shawnees having come to the Delaware village with presents and messages, the Delawares prepare a great feast to receive them, and a dance is ordered for the occasion. After the dance and orations, the Great Sachem of the Delawares appoints certain Chiefs and Warriors to accompany **TECUMSEH** to his tribe.

TECUMSEH having been trained up in the arts of war and philosophy of the Delaware Indians under the training of Pochgantschilias and Captain Pipe, was always prejudiced against the white man; for it was Pochgantschilias who on one occasion when addressing the American Colonists said:

"I admit that there are good white men, but they bear no proportion to the bad; the bad must be the strongest, for they rule. They do what they please. They enslave those who are not of their color, although created by the same Great Spirit who created them. They would make slaves of us if they could; but as they cannot do it, they kill us. There is no faith to be placed in their words. They are not like the Indians, who are only enemies while at war, and are friends in peace. They will say to an Indian, 'My friend, my brother.' They will take him by the hand and at the same moment destroy him. And so you (he was addressing the Christian Indians at Guadenhutten, Pennsylvania), will also be treated by them before long. Remember that this day I have warned you to beware of such friends as these. I know the Long-Knives. They are not to be trusted."

So always feeling in his heart, the wrongs his people have suffered, although Tecumseh had served some with the colonists when very young, in the Revolutionary war, his prejudice was never abated. So a few years, after he became head of the Shawnee Tribe, he began trying to unite all the Algonquin confederation and other nations of Indians for a general warfare on the whites. He made a trip to Canada and one to New Orleans and succeeded in getting many tribes excited to his cause.

During the war of 1811-12, Tecumseh was made a Brigadier General by the British Governor. He led two thousand Indians on the siege of Ft. Meigs, commanded the right wing of the Army at the Thames and was killed there.

CHANDLEE

There were many persons who were adopted into the Delaware Tribe who, either they or their descendants, came into prominence in the history of the United States, among them Wm. Connor of Indiana and William Anderson of Ohio, not all, however, of Indian blood, but all of whom stood loyal to the Tribe, and who were devoted to their traditions, training and belief. Senator Quay of Pennsylvania was a descendant of a Delaware Indian from his great-great-grandmother's side. His ancestor, John Quay from the Isle of Man, married a Delaware Indian. His great-great-grandmother in the battle of Orange, New York, when the Quay family was being driven to Canada, seized a spear and killed three of the invaders rallying the little band and stopping the slaughter that might have taken place and enabling the refugees to go on to Canada. Senator Quay had about one-sixteenth Delaware blood, was always proud of it and attended one of the meetings of the Delaware Indians before he died. This had always been his ambition and he had made two or three attempts to attend the annual meeting, but finally succeeded, and while at the meeting was elected as one of the war chiefs of the Delaware Indians, was given a war bonnet and full equipment. A few days before he died he had his picture taken in this Indian costume.

The following is an oration spoken by Col. Jackson on the occasion one night during his attendance of the dance:



TECUMSEH

THANKSGIVING ORATION OF COLONEL JACKSON

At the Council House,

November, 1903.

Thankful now I am we meet here tonight, again to assemble as our forefathers worshiped, as our grandfathers taught us what their grandfathers taught, and, as I am impressed, is the true way to worship. And each one must feel in his own heart sincere, that our meeting may be pleasing to Him who has made us. This place is made sacred, and we must keep it pure, that the blessings we've received may continue to follow.

Many friends are missing who last season were present, but with the Great Spirit their spirits are roaming, and for this we're thankful.

Many now are with us who enjoy many blessings; children have been sent us to strengthen the nation, and for this we're thankful.

Our crops have been gathered, our fields have been fruitful; as winter approaches our wants are supplied, and for this we're thankful.

When trials and tribulations on every side confront us; when our hearts are most sad and our spirits most heavy; when our homes were threatened to be taken from us, we were told in the east that great men befriended us, and for this we're thankful.

While some yet were doubting, and others were fearful, there came to our meeting true friends of our people. Great men from the east who were known to be mighty, and who pledged us their friendship, and for this we're thankful.

In the hearts of every one present, and in the hearts of our children, Senator Quay and Senator Clark will long be remembered, and for this we're thankful.

And there comes to me now an impression most certain that the Great Spirit smiles on these true friends now with us, and in their own hearts they will feel the reflection, the greatest reward that can yet be granted, and for this we're thankful.

It might be well to say that an Orator is the natural historian of the Delaware Tribe who repeats the history and philosophy and teachings of the tribe from his memory and after him six young men are required to repeat what he says and memorize the orations. If they are successful in making the statements true, they are elected as orators of the Tribe. There are 6 original orators and usually 12 understudies.

Medicine Man. Medicine men are supposed to be gifted. When found to possess the qualities necessary to make a Medicine Man, they are then trained by the

older medicine men of the tribe. Their teachings are somewhat like that of the priesthood, bearing somewhat upon the religious belief of their people as well as the mysteries that are often performed by them.

Poisoned arrows were not used by warriors of the Algonquin tribes in regular warfare, but were permissible to be used by the women of the tribe to repulse an invasion for the defense of home and babies. The double bow which the women used were made eight or nine feet long and could throw an arrow two or three hundred yards, but were so strong that the women would have to use both hands to draw the bow string, lying flat on their backs and use both feet to hold the bow. The effect was even more powerful than the ancient European cross-bow. The arrows did not have to be tipped with spikes or flint arrow heads, but were usually seasoned in the fire and parred off to remove all of the charcoal from the points. There were usually, in the camp, several hundred of these arrows, in conventional places in quivers, beside which hung the double bows. When the war-cry was given to indicate that the enemy was overwhelming us and we had to retreat through the village to take the women and children with us, it was then the women and children joined the battle.

The arrows were poisoned in the following manner:

Buffalo bladders would be filled with the livers of the buffalo or deer well chopped up; a rattlesnake would be caught with forked sticks and the bladder filled with chopped-up liver, tied to the end of another stick, would be placed in front of the ratlesnake, for it to bite, until

it exhausted all of the venom that was in its fangs. These bladders would then be hung on a pole until the liver, with the venom, was thoroughly inocculated and the contents changed to a dark green substance. The arrows would be pierced through the bladder containing this substance or poison. The poison would, perhaps, remain on the arrow for thirty or sixty days, but care was always taken to have the arrows reinforced with the poison at the proper time. If one of these arrows even scratched a person, enough to bring blood, the effect was far more deadly than the bite of a rattlesnake and the suffering and agony began at the instant of the touch, even more so than a bee sting. There was no known remedy that could save one from death when this poison took effect.

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